The Mystery of _____By____ Charles Dickens Edwin Drood W

An ancient English cathedral tower? How can | door with a goodly key, and the other flits away the ancient English cathedral tower be here? with a folio music book. The well-known massive grey square tower of its old cathedral? How can that be here! There is no spike of rusty from in the air between the eye and it, from any point of the real prospect. What is the spike that intervenes, and who has set it up? Maybe it is set up by the Sultan's orders for the impaling of a horde of Turkish robbers, one by one. It is so, for cymbals clash and the sion. Ten thousand scimitars flash in the sun- not to the Dean." light, and thrice ten thousand dancing girls | Mr. Tope, chief verger and showman, and acfinite in number and attendants. Still the cathenot be, and still no writhing figure is on the the rusty spike on the top of a post of an old bedstead that has tumbled all awry? Some vague period of drowsy laughter must be devoted to

the consideration of this possibility. Shaking from head to foot, the man whose scattered consciousness has thus fantastically pleced itself together at length rises, supports his trembling frame upon his arms and looks small rooms. Through the ragged window cur- ly remarks, "would be preferable." tain the light of early day steals in from a misgiven away under the weight upon it. Lying, also dressed and also across the bed, not longwise, are a Chinaman, a Lascar and a haggard woman. The two first are in a sleep or stupor; the last is blowing at a kind of pipe, to kindle lean hand, concentrates its red spark of light, "Another?" says this woman in a querulous,

rattling whisper. "Have another?" He looks about him with his hand to his fore-

There has been chattering and clattering

arches and beams of roof, awakening muttered

CHAPTER II.

their feet! this done, one of the two locks the

"Mr. Jasper was that, Tope?" "Yes, Mr. Dean."

"He has stayed late." "Yes, Mr. Dean. I have stayed for him, your Reverence. He has been took a little poorly." "Say 'taken,' Tope-to the Dean," the younger correction, as who should say: "You may offer bad grammar to the laity, or the humbler clergy.

strew flowers. Then, follow white elephants ca- | customed to be high with excursion parties, deparisoned in countless gorgeous colors, and in- clines with a silent loftiness to perceive that

-for, as Mr. Crisparkle has remarked, it is betgrim spike. Stay! Is the spike so low a thing as | ter to say taken-taken-" repeats the Dean; "when and how has Mr. Jasper been Taken-" "Taken, sir," Tope deferentially murmurs. "Poorly, Tope?"

"Why, sir, Mr. Jasper was that breathed-" "I wouldn't say 'That breathed,' Tope," Mr. Crisparkle interposes with the same touch as

before. "Not English-to the Dean." "Breathed to that extent," the Dean (not urflattered by this indirect homage) condescending-

"Mr. Jasper's breathing was so remarkably short"- thus discreetly does Mr. Tope work his way around the sunken rock- "when he came in that it distressed him mightily to get his notes out; which was perhaps the cause of his having a kind of fit on him after a little. His memory grew dazed." Mr. Tope, with his eyes on the and giddiness crept over him as strange as I ever it serves in the dim morning as a lamp to show | saw, though he didn't seem to mind it particularly himself. However, a little time and a little water brought him out of his daze." Mr. Tope repeats the word and its emphasis, with the air of saying: "As I have made a success I'll make suspicion that you are forced upon anybody, nor

head is so bad. Them two come in after ye. Ah, | self. And I'm glad to see he's having his fire poor me, the business is slack, is clack, Few kindled up, for it's chilly after the wet, and "Is Mr. Jasper's nephew with him?" the Dean "No, sir," replied the verger, "but expected. There's his own solitary shadow betwixt his two

Windows-the one looking this way and the one looking down into the High street-drawing his air of breaking up the little conference, "I hope ible, in this transitory world, should never masis thimble with this little find I am not disagreeably reminded of my din-fills, deary. Ah, my poor ner by hearing my dinner bell. Perhaps, Mr. Crisparkie, you will, before going home, look in

"Certainly, Mr. Dean, And tell him that you

'Ay; do so, do so. Certainly. Wished to know how he was. By all means. Wished to know nearly cocks his quaint hat as a dean in good spirits may, and directs his comely gaiters towith Mrs. Dean and Miss Dean. riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, goodnatured, social, contented and boy-like; Mr 'coach' upon the chief pagan high roads, but taught son) to his present Christian beat; behome to his early tea Sorry to hear from Tope that you have not been well, Jasper.'

Oh, it was nothing, nothing! You look a little worn. o I? Oh, I don't think so. What is better, don't feel so. Tope has made too much of it, suspect. It's his trade to make most of everything appertaining to the cathedral, you know." "I may tell the Dean-I call expressly from the Dean-that you are all right again?" The reply, with a slight smile, is: "Certainly; with my respects and thanks to the Dean." "I'm glad to hear that you expect young

"I expect the dear fellow every moment."
"Ah! He will do you more good than a doctor, More good than a dozen doctors. For I love

twenty, with thick, lustrous, well-arranged black hair and whiskers. He looks older than he is, as dark men often do. His voice is deep and good, his face and figure are good, his manner is a may have had its influence in forming his manhanging over the chimneypiece, her flowing brown hair tied with a blue riband, and her beauty remarkable for a quite childish, almost conscious of itself. (There is not the least artistic merit in this picture, which is a mere daub; but it is clear that the painter has made it humorously-one might almost say, revengefully-like the original.) "We shall miss you, Jasper, at the are best at home. Good-night. God bless you Tell me, shep-herds, te-e-ell me; tell me-e-e, have you seen (have you seen, have you seen, have you seen) my-y-y Flo-o-ora-a pass this

Melodiously good Minor Canon the Reverend Septimus Crisparkle thus delivers himsel ounds of recognition and greeting pass between the Reverend Septimus and somebody else at the stair-foot. Mr. Jasper listens, starts from his chair, and catches a young fellow in his arms,

"My dear Edwin!" 'My dear Jack! So glad to see you!" "Get off your greatcoat, bright boy, and sit down here in your own corner. Your feet are not wet? Pull your boots off. Do pull your boots

moddley-coddley, there's a good fellow. I like anything better than being moddley-coddleyed, restrained in a genial outburst of en thusiasm, Mr. Jasper stands still and looks intently at the young fellow, divesting himsel of his outward coat, hat, gloves and so forth a look of hungry, exacting, watchful and yet de voted affection-is always, now and ever afterwards, on the Jasper face whenever the Jasper face is addressed in this direction. And whenever it is so addressed, it is never, on this oc casion or on any other, dividedly addressed; it is

er, Jack. Any dinner, Jack? Mr. Jasper opens a door at the upper end of the room, and discloses a small inner room pleaslighted and prepared, wherein a comely is in the act of setting dishes on table. What a jolly old Jack it is!" cries the young fellow, with a clap of his hands. 'Look here, Jack; tell me, whose birthday is it?" 'Not yours, I know," Mr. Jasper answers, 'Not mine, you know? No; not mine, I know! Fixed as the look the young fellow meets is there is yet in it some strange power of sudden-

including the sketch over the chimney-"Pussy's, Jack! We must drink many happy eturns to her. Come, uncle; take your dutiful and sharp-set nephew in to dinner.' As the boy (for he is little more) lays a hand on Jasper's shoulder Jasper cordially and gally ays a hand on his shoulder, and so Marseillalsewise they go in to dinner And Lord! here's Mrs. Tope!" cries the boy.

Lovelier than ever!" Never you mind me. Master Edwin," retort's the verger's wife; "I can take care of myself." "You can't. You're much too handsome. Give me a kiss because it's Pussy's birthday." "I'd Pussy you, young man, if I was Pussy, as you call her," Mrs. Tope blushingly retorts, after being saluted. "Your uncle's too much wrapt up you, that's where it is. He makes so much of you that it's my opinion you think you've only to call your Pussys by the dozen, to make 'on poses, taking his place at the table with a genial

onsent and express agreement. For what we are going to receive His holy name be praised!" Done like the Dean! Witness, Edwin Drood! This sally ushers in the dinner. Little to the present purpose, or to any purpose, is said while it is in course of being disposed of. At length the cloth is drawn and a cish of walnuts and a decanter of rich-colored sherry are placed upon

'I say! Tell me, Jack." the young fellow then ows on, "do you really and truly feel as if the ation of our relationship divided us at all? "Uncles as a rule, Ned, are so much older than their nephews," is the reply, "that I have that

"As a rule! Ah, maybe! But what is a difference in age of half a dozen years or so? And

than their nephews. By George, I wish it was the case with us!"

"Because if it was I'd take the lead with you, Jack, and be as wise as Begone, dull Care! that turned a young man grey, and Begone, dull Care! bat turned an old man to clay. Halloa, Jack!

"Asks why not, on Pussy's birthday, and no nappy returns proposed! Pussy, Jack, and many of 'em! Happy returns, I mean." Laying an affectionate and laughing touch on the boy's extended hand, as if it were at once his giddy head and his light heart, Mr. Jasper drinks the toast in silence, "Hip, hip, hip, and nine times nine and one to finish with, and all that, understood. Hooray, hooray! And now, Jack, let's have a little talk about Pussy. Two pairs of nut crackers? Pass me one and take the other." Crack.

'How's Pussy getting on, Jack?"
"With her music? Fairly." "What a dreadfully conscientious fellow you are, Jack! But I know, Lord bless you! Inatten-"It she will! Egad, that's it. But if she

Crack!-on Mr. Jasper's part. "How's she looking. Jack?" Mr. Jasper's concentrated face again includes the portrait as he returns: "Very like your am a little proud of it." says the young fellow, glacing up at the sketch with complacenoy, and then shutting one eye and taking a corrected prospect of it over a level bridge of nut-crackers in the air. "Not badly hit off from memory. But I ought to have caught that ex-

Crack!-on Edwin Drood's part. Crack!-on Mr. Jasper's part. "In point of fact," the former resumes, after some silent dipping among his fragments of walnut with an air of pique, "I see it whenever I go to see Pussy. If I don't find it on her face I leave it there. You know I do, Miss Scornful Pert. Booh!" With a twirl of the nut-crackers at

pression pretty well, for I have seen it often

Crack! crack! crack! Slowly, on Mr. Jasper's Crack! Sharply, on the part of Edwin Drood. Silence on both sides. "Have you lost your tongue, Jack?"

"Have you found yours, Ned?"
"No, but really—isn't it, you know, after all—" Mr. Jasper lifts his dark eyebrows inquiring-"Isn't it unsatisfactory to be cut off from hoice in such a matter? There, Jack! I tell you! If I could choose I would choose Pussy from all the pretty girls in the world."

But you have not got to choose. "That's what I complain of. My dead and gone father and Pussy's dead and gone father must needs marry us together by anticipation. Why the-Devil, I was going to say, if it had been respectful to their memory-couldn't they leave

"Tut, tut? Yes, Jack, it's all very well for you You can take it easily. Your life is not laid down to scale, and lined and dotted out for you like a surveyor's plan. You have no uncomfortable has anybody an uncomfortable suspicion that she forced upon you, or that you are forced upon "And Mr. Jasper has gone home quite himself, her. You can choose for yourself. Life, for you is a plum with the natural bloom on; it hasn't been over-carefully wiped off for you-" 'Don't stop, dear fellow, Go on.

> "How can you have hurt my feelings?"
> "Good heavens, Jack, you look frightfully ill! There's a strange film come over your eyes.' is right hand, as if at once to disarm apprer a cloud, and pass. You see them in the act of passing; they will be gone directly. Look

"Can I anyhow have hurt your feelings, Jack?"

way from me. They will go all the sooner." y casting his eyes downward at the ashes on standing on his forehead, and a sharp catch of asiduously tends him while he quite recovers. When Jasper is restored, he lays a tender hand upon his nephew's shoulder, and, in a tone of voice less troubled than the purport of his words "There is said to be a hidden skeleton in every

'Upon my life, Jack, I did think so. However,

'You were going to say (but I interrupted you

n spite of myself) what a quiet life mine is. No

when I come to consider that even in Pussy's house—if she had one—and mine—if I had one—"

whirl and uproar around me, no distracting commyself devoted to the art I pursue, my business | laughs, and waves his right arm almost necessarily leave out much that should have put it. For instance; I should have ever you call it, of this cathedral; your enjoying

'Yes; I saw what you were tending to. I hate "I hate it. The cramped monotony of my exstence grinds me away by the grain. How does

ueer old place; your gift of teaching (why, even

Pussy, who don't like being taught, says there never was such a master as you are!)' and your

ur service sound to you? 'Beautiful! Quite colestial!' "It often sounds to me quite devilish. I am so weary of it. The echoes of my own voice droned his life away in that gloomy place, before me, can have been more tired of it than I am. He could take for relief (and did take) to carv-What shall I do? Must I take to carving them out of my heart?" "I thought you had so exactly found your niche in life, Jack," Edwin Drood returns, astonished, bending forward in his chair to lay a sympathetic hand on Jasper's knee, and looking

at him with an anxious face.
"I know you thought so. They all think so." "Well, I suppose they do," says Edwin, meditating aloud. "Pussy thinks so."
"When did she tell you that?" "The last time I was here. You remember hen. Three months ago."
"How did she phrase it?"
"Oh, she only said that she had become your

"Anyhow, my dear Ned." Jasper resumes, as a shakes his head with a grave cheerfulness, "Here's the parcel in my greatcoat pocket. They must be presented to-night, or the poetry is gone. It's against regulations for me to call is much the same thing outwardly. It's too late to find another now. This is a confidence between Mr. Jasper dissolves his attitude, and they go much the same thing outwardly. It's too late "It shall be sacredly preserved, Jack." "I feel it, I assure you. Because we are fast

LaGrippe Caused Heart Trouble,

Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia.

My Friends Know Heart Cure Cured Me.

Mrs. C. O. Hurd, 118 W. Third St., Muscatine, Ia., is well known throughout her section of Iowa as an ardent worker in the M. E. Church. She says: "LaGrippe left me with a severe case of nervous depression and nervous dyspepsia, which soon affected my heart. I suffered from sleeplessness, headache, extreme nervousness and twitching of the muscles. The slightest exertion would cause shortness of breath, a numbness of my body and hot flashes with pain. I will tell you what I am constantly telling my friends -that Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured me so that all these disagreeable symptoms left me. I may add that for severe pain I have never found anything to equal Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and think the Nerve and Liver Pills are a wonderful stomach remedy."

"Our son was stricken down with heart trouble in his twentieth year. For two months we got no sleep with him at night, so we commenced to use Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine with the Nerve and Liver Pills and today he is sound and well. It fact he passed a physical examination since his sickness and is with the Army in the Philippines. I desire to add that Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills have certainly been a boon to me. I am frequently troubled with sick and nervous headaches and I have never found anything that would relieve me so quickly and leave me feeling so well thereafter."-Mrs. Alice Moad, Buffalo, Mo.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

friends, and because you love and trust me, as I love and trust you. Both hands, Jack."
As each stands looking into the other's eyes, and as the uncle holds the nephew's hands, the uncle thus proceeds:

his niche-may be troubled with some stray sort "My dear Jack, I only ask you, am I likely to forget what you have said with so much

In the act of having his hands released, and of moving a step back, Edwin pauses for an instant to consider the application of these last he hearth. Not relaxing his own gaze on the words. The instant over, he says, sensibly his breath, becomes as he was before. On his and perhaps I shall not grow worse as I grow so subsiding in his chair, his nephew gently and older. At all events, I hope I have something -the disinterestedness of your painfully laying your inner self bare, as a warning to me." Mr. Jasper's steadiness of face and figure becomes so marvelous that his breathing seems "I couldn't fail to notice, Jack, that it cost moved, and very unlike your usual self. ourse, I knew that you were extremely fond

of me, but I really was not prepared for your, as I may say, sacrificing yourself to me in that

without the smallest stage of transition between 'No; don't put sentiment away, Jack; please freely quoting at dinner (and who knows old songs better than you?), my wife shall dance, and I will sing, so merrily pass the day. Of Pussy's being beautiful there cannot be a doubt with an expression of musing benevolence on his face, has attentively watched every animated

look and gesture attending the delivery of these words. He remains in that attitude after they are spoken, as if in a kind of fascination attendant on his strong interest in the youthful spirit that he loves so well. Then he says with

"You won't be warned, then?"

"No. Jack."
"You can't be warned, then?" "No, Jack, not by you. Besides that I don't really consider myself in danger, I don't like your putting yourself in that position." "Shall we go and walk in the churchyard?" "By all means. You won't mind my slipping ut of it for half a moment to the Nuns' House, nd leaving a parcel there? Only gloves for Mr. Jasper, still in the same attitude, mur-nurs: "Nothing half so sweet in life,' Ned!"

[To Be Continued To-morrow.]

Lively News About Men Who Carry Grip and Sample Case

Frank Smith, of the Richmond post, was P. A. Post B will work for the election of Mr. Meek. visiting friends in this city last week.

Hiram Purlee, with National Harvester Company, is a new acquisition to Post B.

Frank Wampler, representing the Bell Telephone Company on the road, was in the city over Sunday.

O. L. Ferrier, with the Levis Zukoski Millinery Company, of St. Louis, spent Sunday with friends in this city.

"Dick" Arnold, with the Brown-Duvall Dry Goods Company of Boston, was in southern Indiana last week.

Will T. Cleaver, representing the notion

Roy Fielding, of the Century Biscuit Company, says that his gray hair was caused by his early piety and the very bad habit of sitting in damp churches.

Post B has appointed a committee to select sixty delegates and sixty alternates to the state convention of the T. P. A., to be held at Lafayette next May.

The three Buschmann brothers-George, resenting the "Auto" brand of overalls for Lewis Meier & Co. It is up to Post B to | Eckhouse; vice president, Thomas Potter.

tive of the Detroit White Lead Company, test is expected for the office of president, says that he is getting heavier every day and expects to tip the beam at 400 pounds J. C. Hunt has accepted a position with

cover southern Indiana. Hunt formerly post of the T. P. A. He will transfer his

Charles Hepberd, a member of Pest J. of Evansville, representing the Carleton Dry Goods Company, of St. Louis, has gone into the hotel business at Princeton, Ind. He

Ben J. Thompson, of Evansville, Charles Yelm, of Lafayette, and James B. Meek, of this city, have announced themselves as

J. J. O'Mara, better known as "Old Y. B.," representing the cigar department of the Mooney-Mueller Drug Company, was making the towns in the extreme southern part

Ed L. Pettlitzer, a member of Post A. Fort Wayne, has just returned from his wedding trip and has gone to housekeeping at 722 Lafayette street.

The continued bad weather has been very "Is the train late?" but "How late is the Those who are forced to make their towns in a buggy report that the mud is nearly hub deep every place.

The Vincennes post held a winter picnic last Saturday night. The wives of the members prepared baskets of lunch, which were sold at auction. Charles Cox, a brother of Bert Cox, of Indianapolis, acted as auctioneer. A large sum was realized from the sale. President John J. Shuttleworth and wife, of Terre Haute, attended the picnic.

A. F. Overstreet and Captain Rider; secretary, J. H. Call; board of directors, Ed Walter Lindley, the 300-pound representatividson and A. A. Snyder. The greatest conas both O'Mara and Eckhouse have a host



MURDERED DROOD?

THE JOURNAL

OFFERS

In Prizes for the Best Solution of the Mystery Left Unsolved by the Death of the Great English Novelist, Charles Dickens.

The last work of Mr. Dickens was a story entitled "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." The great tale teller had woven a tangled skein of mystery around the tragic disappearance of an unfortunate young man of wealth. The novel promised to be one of the greatest of Dickens's works. But before he had completed the book death overtook the author, and no man knows what the end was to have been.

To-day, Monday, Feb. 8

the Journal begins the publication as a serial story "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Every man and woman, boy and girl in Indiana may enter the competition for the solution prizes. The terms of the contest are such as to make the competition an entirely open one and one in which the reader of limited education has an equal chance of success with the student or the man of

Conditions of the Contest

FIRST-Six cash prizes will be given, as follows: First, \$50.00; second, \$25.00; third, \$10.00; fourth, fifth and sixth, \$5.00.

SECOND-At the conclusion of the contest the prize-winning contributions will be published, with a number of the better solutions which will have received honorable mention.

THIRD-The contributions must not exceed five hundred words.

FOURTH-Spelling, grammar and literary style WILL NOT be considered by the judges. The contributions will receive consideration only as solutions of the mystery. The most plausible and convincing manner of ending Mr. Dickens's unfinished story will be chosen, and the manner of the telling will not be considered important.

FIFTH-Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only and addressed to the "Contest Editor of the Journal," Indianapolis.

Sixth-No contribution will be received before the conclusion of the publication of the story in the Journal. All contributions must be received within one week after the conclusion of the story.

SEVENTH-The contributions will be filed by the contest editor and will be submitted by him, without comment or change, to the judges of the contest, who will pass upon them and announce their decision. Checks will be mailed to the winners upon the day the awards are announced.

Judges of the Contest

The following gentlemen have been selected to pass upon the contributions and make the awards.

WILLIAM PINKERTON, of Chicago, head of the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency.

CAPT. J. E. KINNEY, Chief of the Indianapolis Detective Department.

THE HONORABLE FREMONT ALFORD, Judge of the Criminal Court of Marion County. An installment of the story will appear each day until the completion of the

story. There will be no coupons, subscription receipts, or other requirements. The contest is open to everybody.

Study the contest conditions and try for a cash prize.

Don't Miss the Opening Chapter